



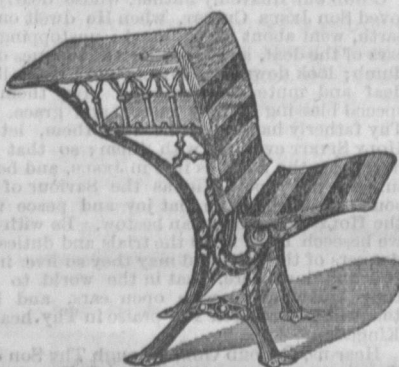
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VOLUME X.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1881.

NUMBER 9.

POETRY.

ELSA.

BY HOWARD OLYNDON.

Oh, the world is a-brim with the sweetness of Summer;
The skies are deep blue, and the earth is dark green;
But the soft little cheek of this precious now-come
Is dearer to me than all roses, I ween!
This soft little cheek, laid to mine, so long lonely,
Makes the world seem as bright as if all were new-made;
For this soft little cheek of this precious now-come
To bring it to beauty, to watch lest it fade.
Lie close, little head, to the heart that you lighten!
Clasp fast, little hand, to the hand you make strong!
Intertwine, little life, with the life that you brighten,
For the love of you brings back the secret of song!

Oh, my baby! my baby! there's much you must teach me;
There are problems that only your dimples can solve;
And 'tis only through you that the best good can reach me;
As it is around you that my best thoughts revolve!
Ah, dear little feet! I must sit down below you,
And try to unlearn all my trouble and pain.
For what is there left of my life fit to show you?
My child, that has made me turn child-like again!
MAR 3, 1880.

STORE TELLER.

GENTLEMAN JIM.

That's what we called him, sir—Gentleman Jim.

It was in the winter of '73. Ever been through the lakes, sir? Up the Soo, and then through Lake Superior, as far as Marquette? Well, that's where we were that year, twenty or thirty of us, gettin' out lumber for the Eagle Mills.

Wh, no! Not in Marquette. Marquette was a city, with a mayor and a board of aldermen, graded schools, and water-works, even then. Not many pine trees growin' in her streets, if she was young!

The Eagle Mills were nine miles out—up the railroad. Not much of a settlement. Just the Mills, and the company's office, and a great barn of a boardin' house, and a dozen shanties, and one snug little house, not much bigger'n a bird's nest where Mr. Sterle—he was our young boss, sir—had brought his wife the year before.

A queer place for a bride? Well, it was. Lonesome? That's no word for it. The piney woods had crowded close up round the Mills once; but the best of the trees out down, and the woods on one side had been burned over time and again. So now, as far as you could see toward the south, there were blackened stump and charred logs, and here and there tall, bare trees standin' out against the sky, like black ghosts as it were.

Father on was what I once heard a highflier of a lecturer call the "forest primeval." Young might have gone on for days and days, still you come come at Mackinac, and never seen a white man's face nor the smoke of his camp-fire. Before and behind stretched the narrow track that ran from Marquette to the iron mine, and the cars went thundering by many times a day. But there were no roads to speak of, no neighbors; and beyond the Mills were the woods where we were at work fellin' the trees and doing our level best to spoil that side, as we had t'other. For the woods are all right as long as you let 'em alone. It is only when men begin to meddle with 'em that they grow strange and awsome-like, with shadows comin' and goin'.

But I was sayin', it was a strange place for a bride to come to. We men wondered a bit as to how she would take to the new life when we saw her step off the cars onto the little platform and look round over the wild place, with eyes that were as soft and dark as a young fawn's. She wa'n't over twenty—a slight young thing, with brown hair, all waves and crinkles and little wind-blown curls, and lips as red as strawberries. That was all we saw that day; for she put her hand right into her husband's, and he led her into the little house and shut the door behind 'em.

But, bless you, sir, if there's love inside the house, it don't seem to make much difference to a true wife what's outside of it, and as for her she didn't seem to be a bit more lonesome than that sparrow does on the bough yonder. Ever read the "Arabian Nights," sir? I thought so. Most folks has. Well, you'd ha' thought of 'em if you could ha' just stepped out o' the woods into the house, after she'd been there awhile. Elowers a blossomin' in the windows, and vines a-wandering everywhere, and books and pictur's, and a pianer and all her little useless trinkets, such as women folks set store by. It was just as pretty as a pictur'.

I don't know a great deal about women, not being a married man myself, and havin' lived in the woods mostly, but she seemed just as contented as the ladies I've seen in the streets this winter. Any how, it brightened up the place for every man of us just to catch glimpses of her now and then, with a flower in her hair; or sometimes of a summer evening, to hear her singin' like a lark, or leastwise, like a brown-thrasher. I don't know much about larks, either, nor bein' used to 'em. And of a Sunday she used to sing hymns. It was as good as goin' to meetin' every whitt.

You think she might have been afraid sometime? Why, what was there to be afraid of? There wa'n't a man about the place who wouldn't ha' laid down his life for her. Still, I don't say but what some women would ha' been afraid; for there were half-breeds round, and it was rough up there, no mistake. But, if she was, she didn't know it.

A good deal of snow up there? I guess so! You never saw snow. You don't know what it means.

You've seen it three feet on a level? Three feet! Humph! What would you think of seein' the cars come in day after day for weeks together between two walls of snow as straight and solid as blocks of marble, and so high you could only see the top of the smoke-stack? What would you think of walkin' on a snow-drift right up on to the roof of the highest mill? Or of walking on the crust over a train of cars as completely buried out of sight as a potato you've just planted? I've done that, as late as the seventeenth day of April, too.

The hardest of it was when the trains couldn't run for days together, and we were just shut into that white world of snow. And that happened pretty often. No sir, you folks down here don't know anything about snow—the beauty of it nor the terror of it, either.

Last till midsummer? Well, that's the queerest thing about it. When it goes, it makes a business of it. It don't melt, and melt, and drizzle away by inches. It just sinks right down into the sandy soil and vanishes; and before you can catch your breath there are green things and flowers everywhere, and birds a singin', and all the woods are pink and white with May-flowers. You make such a fuss about 'em down here when you happen to find a handfull. Why, they used to blossom out right under our feet in the mill-yard, and it was as much as we could do to keep the dainty little beauties off the railroad track! Fact, sir.

Trailin' arbutus? Well, yes, I believe that's what some folks call it. But I was goin' to tell you about Gentleman Jim. We got to callin' him that, in the first place, because we were a set of blackguards, I suppose, and wanted to run some sort of a rig on him. He dropped down on one day out o' the sky, as it were, and wanted work. John Smith had broke his leg the day before, and Mr. Sterle was just givin' up to Negaumee, to see if he could find a hand. So he looked Gentleman Jim over sharply for a minute, and then stepped off the platform. "All right," says he. "There's work enough to do here if you can do it."

"I can try," says the fellow quietly like. And the next day he went into the woods.

I was foreman of the gang, and, as was only my duty with a new hand, I watched him pretty close; and to this day, sir, I can't tell what it was about the man that made me mistrust at once he wa'n't quite one of us. But I wa'n't none o' my business, and so I said nothin'. The men didn't take to him at first. They sneered at him behind his back, and called him "the dandy," and "Miss Nancy." I don't know why. His clothes were as rough as the roughest; but somehow he wore 'em different—wore 'em like a man who had been used to better ones. He'd been with us a day or two when some one called out: "Look-a-here, stranger, what might yer name be, if it ain't too good to be spoken here."

He pulled his cap down over his eyes, and he colored up clear to the forehead. Then he said: "Call me Jim, Jim Leonard, if you like."

But somebody muttered: "T'won't do to be so familiar boys." (And I won't say but what there was a word with two d's to it that went before that "familiar." As you seem to be a minister, I'll leave out the swearin'. So Gentleman Jim he was from that day. It was just a bit o' devilry. There wa'n't any downright malice in it, and he took it in good part enough, just laughin' and louchin' his cap to the first man called him so. But twa'n't two weeks before the sting had all gone out of it and the men called him Gentleman Jim just as they called me Judd Mason. The name fitted him somehow.

There wa'n't a steadier or a harder worker in the woods that winter than Gentleman Jim. He was slight-built man, 35 maybe, though his hair was gray as a badger. He looked as

if he'd seen trouble. And he wa'n't over'n above strong; but he made his wits serve him in place of muscle, and whoever else shirked a hard job, it wa'n't Gentleman Jim. He asked no odds of any man and always played fair.

He never had much to say, and was the one man in the woods who never told a rough story; never seemed to hear 'em, either, for the matter.

As the months went on, I used to wonder what became of his wages. There was nobody prompt every week. There was nobody to prompt to him, as he could not find out. He didn't write any letters nor get any. He never touched liquor, and he spent next to nothin'. There was a savings bank down to Marquette, but he had no account there. Yet in one way or 'nother, bein' foreman and kind o' head man amongst 'em, I used to learn a great deal about the men's affairs without asking questions. I most generally found out by Monday night he hadn't a red cent in his pocket—not a cent.

We cut down some splendid trees that winter, regular old staggers. I declare, I was as proud as a peacock of that lumber. One day, along in March, the men were at work on one of the biggest, when I happened to think that maybe Mrs. Sterle would like to see it come down. So I piled some buffalo skins and blankets on one of the ox-sleds and went after them.

How far, did you ask? Oh! only four or five miles. Put we had a sort of a camp up there—a roughly built house, with two rooms down below and a loft over head, with bunks for thirty men. One of the hands lived there with his wife and boarded the rest of us. But, as I sayin', I went down after the boss and his lady. She was ready enough for the lark; and, after she had wrapped herself in her furs and hood, with some soft, white, fleecy thing over all, we tucked her up in the buffalos and off we started.

Ever been in the woods in winter, sir? Then you've lost a good deal. Though I don't suppose the woods hereabouts are like those up north, anyhow. It does seem kind of impertinent to meddle with 'em. Don't it now? I leave it to you, sir. Just to think o' cuttin' down trees that ha' been growin' and growin' in the sunshine and the dew for hundreds of years, just to make floorin' and timber for the use of such a short-lived creature as man. Why, the one we felled that day was a good sized saplin' when Christopher Columbus discovered America. We counted the rings, sir, and when it lay on the ground, if you were on one side you couldn't see the oten and men on t'other side.

It was clear and cold, thawing a little in the sun. The sky was as blue as a harebell, and the air was like wine, it set your blood to dancin' so. The woods were full o' winter birds—gay, fearless creatures, that just set still and looked at us as we passed by; and the snow was covered with the tracks o' wild things that we could never catch sight of.

I ain't much of a christian, sir, so to speak—that is, I don't belong to no church; but I never could be out in them woods, and see all the life that went on in 'em even in the dead o' winter, and think o' all the flowers that were livin' under the snow, without feelin' sartin' that the One that took care o' them would look out for us. And I hope he knows I thought of him.

Did you see them dark, blue flowers that girl carried by just now? Well, I b'lieve they call 'em? Violets, as we rode along that day, every little hollow in the snow was lined with just that color—a shimmery blue light, that seemed to fill 'em with a sort o' glory. You'd ought to see it, sir.

There had been a flurry o' snow the night before, and the road was pretty well filled in. It took me longer to go and come than I'd calculated on, and as soon as we got to camp I see't the tree was about ready to fall. It shivered and trembled against the sky, as if there was a thrill runnin' all through its great body. We had planned to cut it so't would fall in a party cleared place, where the standing timber was not good for much, and it was leanin' a little mite in the right direction. The men were all at a safe distance, expect Gentleman Jim and another fellow who were to give the dead strokes. I gave them the signal. The swift sharp strokes rang out, and we waited, holding our very breaths.

My Lord! Just as the great top began to move, some one gave a loud cry; far right there on the edge of the clearing, on a line with the toppling tree, were Jack Elliott's two children, coming strait toward us, as careless as could be! They had come upon the crust to see the big tree go down.

Every man of us started on the run. But what was the use. We were rods

away. Then Gentleman Jim bounded forward, like a deer, caught those children, one at a time, and, with a mighty effort, hurled them far out into the snow.

And the great tree came down, down, down, cleavin' the air with a swish and a rush, like the sound of many waters.

Oh, no! He wa'n't killed, sir though we all thought he must be. He lay on his face where he had been knocked down, with a great weight o' green boughs a pressin' on him; but he wa'n't dead. It took us a long time to cut away the branches. The body of the tree had missed him, as by a hand's breadth. Then we carried him into the house and laid him on the bed in the little room that opened out o' the livin' room.

He was alive and that was all. I could just feel his heart beat. You never see men so cut up. They crowded into the outside room and stood with their caps in their hand as if—as if—there was a king a dyin' in there. Jack Elliott, he was a cryin' like a baby and the two children sat on a log outside the door, lookin' scared and dazed. They was old enough to understand what had happened and how it happened. Mrs. Sterle called 'em to her pretty soon, and made 'em cuddle up beside her under the buffalos. She always took to children.

Meanwhile one of the men had dashed down to the Mills, to catch the first train for Marquette, after the doctor. But it would be hours before he could get back. By and by Mr. Sterle came out of the bedroom.

"The house must be cleared, my men," he said in a low voice. "We must have air and quiet. You will all go away but Judd, (that was me, sir) and Jack Elliott, and we will do the best we can for the poor fellow." We undressed him as carefully as we could, and I own up that I was astonished; though, as I said before, I had mistrusted all along that Gentleman Jim wa'n't exactly a lumberman born and bred. But Mr. Sterle, he looked puzzled enough.

The man's outside clothes were rough and coarse. So were his flannels. Just such as the rest of us wore. But underneath 'em he had on a shirt and a pair o' drawers o' soft white silk, fine enough for the Queen o' Great Britain. I took notice of his feet. They'd never done much hard trampin' before that winter. Not a real hard callus onto 'em, and the skin was as smooth and white! I just pointed to 'em, and says I to Mr. Sterle "Look-a-here, sir!"

"Yes, I see," said he. And then he never spoke another word. Not one.

Mrs. Sterle came into the house, and Jack Elliott took his children home on the sled and came back again. And then we waited and waited. It must had been 4 o'clock before he stirred or made a sound.

Then he began to mutter and whisper, and he seemed to be feeling round after something. But we couldn't make out a word he said, though his hands flew round pretty lively, and his face grew hot, and his voice was hoarse and strained. All the time he was feelin' about over the bed-clothes and his own clothes.

Mrs. Sterle went up to him and put her hand on his forehead. He drew it down against his cheek and was quiet for a minute. But pretty soon he was feelin' round again.

"Look in his pockets, Will," she said. But there was nothin' in 'em he could ha' wanted. His pocketbook was empty, as usual. It was pitiful to see him, with his eyes fixed on her face and his lips a-movin'.

"Come here, Will," she said to her husband. "See that black ribbon under his shirt. There's something hangin' round his neck."

Mr. Sterle took hold of the ribbon and pulled out a little oiled-silk bag. Gentleman Jim gave a cry when he saw it, and, catchin' hold of it, lay quiet as a lamb.

"There," thinks I to myself—"there's where he keeps his money; and I'm glad of it, if he's going to be laid up. And if he ain't, there's his funeral." You see I knew how it would be with myself, sir. When I die, I don't want to be buried like no pauper! He dropped away again as soon as he got hold o' the bag, and lay just like a dead man till the doctor came.

It was old Dr. Porter. He looked at Jim for a full minute, liftin' his eyebrows and shuttin' of his lips before he touched him or said a word. I see the he took notice o' the silk shirt and o' other things. Truth was, as the man lay there, with his hair brushed out and his coarse clothes off, he didn't look no more like a workin' man than—than—you do yourself, this minute, sir.

One of his ribs was broken and he was bruised all over, and there was concussion o' the brain or something. The doctor shook his head. "It will go hard with him," he said; "though if he were where he belongs

he might pull through. But here—" And he looked over the bare, rough room—"You see, Mr. Sterle, he's not exactly—well, perhaps I might sat not quite the man you would expect to find up here with the wood-choppers."

"Yes, I do see it now," said Mr. Sterle; "but the fact is he has been in camp all winter, and I have hardly spoken to him. I really do not know what to do."

"I do," said Mrs. Sterle, her cheeks growing red. "He must have better care than he can have here, or he'll die sure. Lift this bed onto the sled and take him down to Millcot." For that was what they called their little nest in the woods.

I see't Mr. Sterle's face brightened up, though he made some objections on account of the trouble it would give his wife. But she wouldn't hear of him, and I think I never was gladder of anything in my life'n I was when we got him safely down here.

She opened the door of her own room on the ground floor, and we carried him in and laid him on the bed. I tell you, havin' just come out o' camp and all, it did seem just like Heaven in that white, quiet room. High up against the ceilin', runnin' round like a frieze (I b'lieve that's what they call it, nowadays), there was a sentence printed out in red and yellow leaves. I read it as I came out. "He giveth His beloved sleep"—that's what it was.

I thought Gentleman Jim ought to get well there, if any where. But as the days went by I began to have my doubts about it. He didn't know any of us. Mr. Sterle and Jack and I took turns a-sittin' up nights. But he wouldn't take one drop of medicine or one bit o' food from anybody but Mrs. Sterle. Lord! how his eyes did follow her. And all the time he hung onto that bag for dear life. Why didn't we examine it? Why, because 'twas plain as the nose on your face he didn't want us to. Besides we s'posed his money was in it, and what did we want o' that?

But one day he seemed lower 'n ever and when the doctor came 'n see't he was sinkin' he looked real down in the mouth. He'd got kind o' interestin' in the case, no doubt.

"Can't you manage to get hold of that bag?" says he to the lady, speakin' low. "There must be somebody in the world who knows the poor fellow. We can't afford to wait any longer."

"I'll try," says she. And just then, as sure as you live, he dropped asleep, and let go o' the bag. She whipped out a pair o' scissors and clipped that string quicker 'n lightning.

We went out in the other room. I see she was all of a tremble.

"You open it," says the doctor, kind o' quiet.

There was something thin and flat in it, folded up in a piece o' tissue paper. Nothing in this world but just a white card, with the dried stems of a rose and two geranium leaves fastened on with a drop o' red sealin' wax! The leaves and the flowers were all crushed to a dry powder from bein' held in his poor, hot hand so long.

"Anything written on the card?" the doctor asked.

"There has been," says she, her eyes all wet and shiny, and her lips in a quiver; "but it's rubbed so I can't make it out. Judd, run over to the office and get Mr. Sterle's magnifying glass. Ask him to bring it."

She caught the glass as soon as he came in and ran to the window. This was all there was of it.

"Marie, June 10th, 1871," in a woman's hand-writin'! Wasn't that a queer way to spell Mary, though? Below it was written, in a man's hand: "June 10th, 1872. All withered but the thorn."

Mrs. Sterle put the card back in the little bag, with every grain o' dust from the withered rose leaves, and fastened it around his neck again. And when I looked at him the next minute, he had hold of it, tight as ever.

It went down into the grave with him, sir, and that's all we ever knew about it. But I found out afterward that there wa'n't a sick man, nor a sufferin' woman, nor a feeble child within five miles o' there that couldn't ha' told me what became o' Gentleman Jim's wages.—*New York Independent.*

There is No Fire.

Gilhooley lives on Galveston avenue, not far from a milkman. Yesterday he met the milkman, and, taking him off to one side, asked him, seriously:

"Wasn't there a fire in your barn early yesterday? I had a great notion to rush to your assistance."

"Why, there was no fire in the barn," said the milkman; "what made you think so?"

"Nothing, except I saw you pump two buckets of water right quick, and rush into the stable with them, where you milk the cows.—*Galveston News.*

Michigan Notes.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Mrs. Charles Priest has not heard from her husband, the chromo peddler, for ten weeks. It is supposed that the some foul play is the cause of not hearing from him. Perhaps he may be killed on some railroads. A few weeks ago, it was learned that Mr. Charles Priest, the chromo peddler of Grand Rapids, was in Kalamazoo.

Mr. Thayer, of Detroit, is in the city of Jackson, visiting his friends. He looks handsome, and he says he is sorry that he could not find a fine looking lady like himself.

Will some students of the National College at Washington, D. C., answer the following two questions:—"Is the earth growing?" "This is sure to be the last year of the world?"

Mr. Marcus H. Kerr, the first class Artist, of Jackson, is intending to visit Washington and his friends at the College. The writer wishes him a long enjoyable trip, and safely home to Jackson again. We will be lonesome while he will be away, as he is the only mute who makes amusement for those who visit Jackson.

Mrs. Ella C. Blood, of Grand Rapids, has been visiting her relatives in Middleville, three weeks past, and it is learned that she enjoyed herself splendidly. It is said that she returned home to Grand Rapids last week. She is always known as the "Belle" of Michigan.

Col. C. C.—y is the latest fashionable name which appeared in the JOURNAL. The mutes of Michigan have no interest in the coming picnic in Saginaw. Col. has no right to arrange a picnic on his behalf. The next picnic will be held in Detroit as stated by many other intelligent mute correspondents of the JOURNAL. If Collins C. Colby has great interest in the coming picnic at Saginaw, why does not he send full particulars to the JOURNAL.

Mr. Hunter, of Detroit, is expected to pay Jackson a visit this week, and will be a guest of Marcus H. Kerr, the high-toned artist.

It is said that Chas. Priest, the chromo peddler, of Grand Rapids has cheated some hotel-keepers in Kalamazoo, and it is a warning to other mute peddlers not to follow his example. The hotel-keepers in Michigan will in future make peddlers pay their board in advance.

Feb. 26, 1881.

AMBASSADOR.

Philadelphia Institution.

Since the beginning of the fall term, no serious debilitating influence has threatened the physical condition of our house until recently, when a slight exception occurred, the measles took us by surprise and renewed their appearance on the girl's side. Not less than fifty have been attacked with this disease, and some are still sick, while others are convalescent, though too weak to run the risk of a romps play with their fellow associates.

The photograph of the National Deaf-Mute College and the Columbia Institution, which was presented to this Institution by the President, Dr. E. M. Gallardet, has been hung up in a conspicuous place in the Boys' Sitting room. The boys admire it very much. Beautiful as it is! it charms us with the hope of future admittance. It is, indeed, one of the finest of American Institutions, and besides, being used expressly for the enlightenment of the silent class, it is the pride of the Deaf and Dumb in the United States. We desire to express our sincere thanks to the President of that noble building for the receipt of the picture, so kindly sent by him.

Perhaps the most interesting occasion which has marked the week's progress, was a lecture, delivered before the C. L. Society, on Wednesday evening, by Prof. H. S. Hitchcock of the girls' side, on the subject of the "Brain." By suspending charts, which represented parts of his subject, the lecturer, thus far, succeeded in rendering his discourse with the most satisfactory results. The Society is prospering, and as far as I know, doing good at present.

MINOR MATTERS.

The weather has moderated very much.

We are glad that "Bella L." is convalescent.

The picture of the Hartford Institution is finished.

Twelve new volumes of Scribner's Monthly and ten volumes of Harper's Magazine have been added to the Boy's Library.

Washington's Birthday was little observed by us. No changes or cessation of recitations were granted, and consequently no opportunity was offered to celebrate it.

"A TIME TO LAUGH."

Spring approaching, "Old sol" is apt to say, "I will soon temper the wind to the rosy noses."

"Mr. Why" and "Mr. Spy" are somewhat akin to each other. They both rhyme alike, so that the only difference between them is, that the former is a christian and the latter a sinner.

LITTLE REP.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 25, 1881

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

Cleveland, - - -	March 6th.
Dayton, O. - - -	" 11th.
Cincinnati, O. - - -	" 13th.
Delaware, O. - - -	" 14th.
Detroit, Mich. - - -	" 20th.
Jackson, Mich. - - -	" 21th.
Albion, Mich. - - -	" 22d.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

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Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Mr. G. O. Fay's letter to one of the Trustees of the Ohio Institution, is one which should be given an extensive circulation. It is to be regretted that a man so skilled and capable in the position which he filled for so many years should be compelled by a sense of duty to himself and his family to tender his resignation, because of a feeling that no matter how successful he might be, his office would be likely to be taken from him to pander to the wishes of some leader of a victorious political party. So far, the Ohio Institution has been fortunate in securing an experienced man as Mr. Fay's successor, but who can say how long it may be before some incompetent favorite will take the place, with no knowledge or experience in the affairs of the deaf and dumb, and no recommendation but that of political influence. This state of things has been going on in the Indiana Institution, where the fluctuations of politics deprived that school of one of the most experienced educators of the deaf and dumb in this country, and placed in his stead a man who, although he may be possessed of all honor and integrity and earnest intention, is manifestly unfit for the office which he holds.

It is to be deprecated that politics should have any voice in the management of institutions of this kind, the successful carrying on of every department of which requires men of special training and experience.

The reception extended to Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, by his Massachusetts friends in Beverly, is but another indication of the good-will and sympathy with his work which prevails among the majority of New England mutes. All impartial persons will rejoice with him in the successful and harmonious way in which he is pursuing his good work in a region which has been misrepresented as being in antipathy with his mission.

One of our subscribers in Buffalo, N. Y., sends a letter, with the request that it be published in the JOURNAL. He very considerably tells us he will be responsible for whatever trouble it may cause. The letter in question is a mean and slanderous one, and the motive for writing it would disgrace any man, even if it were intended only for private perusal, let alone for publication. With more respect than is due to one with such base and unworthy purposes, we must inform him that we decline to have anything to do with his personal enmities, and trust that he will not again endeavor to use the columns of the JOURNAL to slander any one who may incur his ill-will.

We have received the Fourteenth Biennial Report of the Michigan Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind. The report includes the years 1879 and 1880. It is a very complete statement of the working of the various departments, and from the numerous tables of expenditures and receipts, must have been a perfect bonanza to W. S. George & Co., of Lansing, Michigan, the State printers. The report of the Principal, Thomas MacLure, Ph.D., is clear and concise. The blind have been removed to a separate institution at Lansing, and much good is being experienced from the change. A good deal of attention has been given to articulation, and all who could be profitably taught by that method have received instruction under an efficient teacher. Some good suggestions are made, one of which is to provide for better protection in case of fire. Altogether there is evidence of prosperity, and the

State of Michigan is to be congratulated on having at the head of its deaf-mute institution a man of such great experience in the work of educating the deaf and dumb.

The Thirteenth Biennial Report of the Missouri Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, for the years 1879 and 1880, is before us. The number of pupils present on December 31st, 1880, was one hundred and ninety-six—117 males, and 79 females. There were two deaths during the year 1881, both from pneumonia. Superintendent Kerr suggests that two years be added to the term of instruction allowed by law, which is now eight years. In regard to articulation, the Superintendent says: "To prevent the disappointment of friends and relatives of our pupils, we repeat, that while articulation may be successfully taught to many of the semi-deaf and semi-mute, the number of congenital deaf-mutes benefited by it is not large." The audiophone receives a passing notice, but is in no way endorsed as an aid in teaching the deaf. The Report has been printed by the pupils of the Institution, and although the displayed work shows a lack of suitable type, what advantages they possessed have been utilized, and the printing has been done in a creditable manner.

NOTICES.

CONFIRMATION will be administered in the Church of the Good Shepherd, Boston, Mass., on Sunday, March 6th, at 7.30, P.M. Deaf-Mutes desiring information on the subject, are invited to write to Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, No. 9 West 18th Street, New York City.

Deaf-Mutes of Boston and vicinity are invited to attend services in the Church of the Good Shepherd, Cortes Street near Ferdinand, next Sunday, March 6th, at 12 M., 3.30 P.M., and 7.30 P.M. The Rev. John Chamberlain will officiate and interpret. At 12 the Holy Communion will be celebrated, and at 7.30 Bishop Paddock will administer Confirmation.

Convention Pamphlets.

Pamphlets embodying in full the proceedings of the National Convention of Deaf-Mutes, held in Cincinnati in August, 1880, will be sold at the rate of 15 cents each. All who desire to procure a copy can do so by sending the above amount to E. A. Hodgson, Station M, New York City.

R. P. MCGREGOR, President.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

God hears no more than the heart speaks; and if the heart be dumb, God will certainly be deaf.

Mr. Willie A. Lewis who was recently married to Cora M. Potter at Utica, Mich., weighs 260 lbs. avoirdupois.

Mr. W. A. Lewis chopped hoop poles in Maple Rapids, Mich., the day before he started to get married. It done him good.

Miss Rachel Evans, a daughter of Owen W. Evans, of Rome, N. Y., is going to be married to Mr. Frank Hale on the 25th of March.

Jno. C. Ewen, who has been working at Maple Rapids, Mich., for some time past, has again returned to his old quarters at Dexter, Mich.

Snow in Michigan has attained to a depth of 4 1/2 feet on the level this winter. At the Inst., the snow plow has had plenty of business to keep the walks clear.

Mr. Albert C. Hargrave informs us that he has been appointed agent for the Boston Deaf-Mute Society (in Boston), and denies that he is an agent for the Beverly School.

Thomas, Breen, the lightning shoe manufacturer, is contributing a series of interesting letters to the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal* of New York. "Sp" is as ready with the pen as theawl—*Sunday Republic*.

John G. Skelton, of Illinois, who is a Virginian by birth was a pupil of Rev. Job Turner at the Institution in Staunton. He has been living in the city of Litchfield, Ill., for nineteen years.

The *Paris (France) Continental Gazette* warns the deaf-mutes of America that they should never go to Paris, with the hope of finding employment, as they will be disappointed, and it is better to work at home than in a foreign land.

"J. C. B., Are you the Society.—Mr. Why?" In reply, I do not have any thing whatever for the benefit of Mr. Owl when in fact he shuts himself up from Society and daylight and tries to trespass on the affair in which the members participate for mental improvement. J. C. B.

We chronicle two accidents during January at the Iowa Institution,—one to Master W. D. Judson, a collar-bone broken, and one to Master Mona O. Thompson, a sprained knee. Causes,—slipping in the first case, and sliding down hill in the second. "Let us have peace" and more care. Both cases are convalescent.—*Hank-eye*.

"Having a good project in view, I desire to obtain the names of all religious societies existing in the United States with a list of their officers, I, therefore, respectfully ask the readers through the papers to inform or send by letter to my address, the name of the society and its list of officers thus saving me much trouble and time to find them. Hoping to hear from some if not all. I remain. Yours truly, P. W. PACKARD

121 North 86, Salem, Mass.

Feb. 25, 1881.

One hundred and ninety-seven pupils at the Iowa Institution.

Mrs. W. O. Fitzgerald, of New York City, has been quite ill for some time.

Joseph Gettings is not learning the barber's trade, he is learning to be a baker.

We would like to know why the *Modern Times* has stopped coming to the JOURNAL office.

A subscriber wants to know who in the first deaf-mute that got the degree of M.A., in the world?

Miss Alice Forbes, of Sherborn, Mass., is being educated at the Sherborn Academy with hearing pupils.

Messrs. William Lynde and Henry Osgood have been employed in the Chickering Piano Factory for over forty years.

Mr. Addison Pancake has removed from Lincoln, Neb., to Falls City, Neb., at which place he intends to make his future home.

Mr. J. H. Winslow, of North Stockholm, N. Y., wants to purchase several dozen turkey eggs. Can any one tell him where he can procure them?

Brother Harbert, if you will read "understands" instead of "can speak," you will have the item about the Vienna deaf-mute as it should be.

In Bridgeport, Mrs. B. Beers' son, seven years old, has been sick with the measles, but is getting better. He can talk and hear, and is a very good boy.

Our correspondents, "Geraldine" and "Berlie" had the pleasure of seeing the Institution of St. Joseph in Fordham not long since while passing there in the cars.

Mr. Frank S. Huston, of Janesville, Wis., again obtained an appointment as a document room attendant in the senate of the Legislature at Madison, Wis., during its present session.

Mr. Alexander Goodness, who was formerly educated at the Wisconsin School, is now a boss-farmer and owns a large farm of six hundred and forty acres of land in Madison, Da.

Mr. J. Johnson, a Norwegian deaf-mute, who was formerly a pupil at the Wisconsin School, is a hard-working man and has a good farm, where in Dakota Territory.

Mr. A. Henry, of the class of '76 at the Wisconsin School, had lately spent several days in Chicago, Ill. He says he was satisfied with the visit he made in that city.

It is rumored that J. J. Murphy, B.A., of the class of '79 at the National Deaf-Mute College, had recently abandoned school at Green Bay, Wisconsin, on account of pecuniary troubles with the city council.

Mr. Alden Bradford, father of Miss Charlotte Bradford, of Crown Point, N. Y., died on the 14th of January, aged seventy-seven. He had been a member of the M. E. Church for fifty-one years.

"Sidney Herbert" Howard tells a story of a child that became deaf from drinking ily. He says it is a "very rare case." Very rare indeed, Sidney Herbert! We can hardly tell which would be the hardest to swallow, the story or the lie.

A correspondent writes: "The *Cincinnati Enquirer*, of February 11th, contained an article relating to John Breen, of Philadelphia. Stating that he had been arrested and sent to the penitentiary in Columbus, O. He has been seen on our street in Cincinnati since that statement was published."

Miss Lookwood has been asked by some of her deaf-mute friends if she had visited the New York Institution and the JOURNAL office when she was in New York City. She wishes to inform through the JOURNAL that she felt unlike going to visit these places of interest, owing to her great bereavement, but hopes to visit there in the Spring or Fall.

Lawrence Vance, one of the descendants of Gen. Washington's brother Lawrence, attends school regularly, and has made rapid advancement in his studies. It is thought very likely that he will be transferred to a higher school in two years. He owes his success to the management of his aunt and mother as well as that of his grandmother and aunts. He is ten years old, and an only child.

On the 19th of February, a pleasant party was held in New York, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Sweeney. The party consisted of about 50 hearing persons and 20 mutes. The evening was spent in games, dancing, etc., until supper was announced, when all repaired to the dining room, where a fine collation awaited them. Speeches were made, after which the dancing, and games were resumed. All had a pleasant time, and wish Mr. Sweeney and his wife many years of happiness and prosperity. The guests brought many nice presents with them, many of which were silver.

Mr. R. D. Livingstone, of Colorado, visited New Haven, Hartford, Conn., and made a very pleasant call on Miss E. T. B. Dudley, daughter of the Hon. L. J. Dudley at Northampton, Mass. Then he stopped at Mr. W. L. Hill's in Athol, Mass., over Sunday, and he went to Pittsburg for Boston. He stopped at Quincy, Mass., to see his beloved friend, Miss Maudie A. Smith for about two days. He also visited Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Lester in Providence, R. I., after he took dinner at the Narragansett House and he went to New York recently.

The "deaf and dumb" investigation is to be continued to-night. We trust the committee will endeavor to learn by what right a dentist has charge of the education of the deaf-mutes. The idea of efficiency being maintained in an educational institution, presided over by a man who is as ignorant of what is taught there as a cow is of astronomy! What kind of a spectacle would the state present if it had a man who could not read nor write as its superintendent of public instruction? Yet she presents that spectacle in having at the head of her deaf-mute school, which was one of the most efficient in the country, a man who is ignorant of the sign-language. It is indecent. It ought to end.—*Indianapolis News*, Feb. 22.

Mr. Henry Lansing died in Three-Mile Bay, N. Y., on the 27th of August, 1880, being in the 71st year of his age. His native place was Glen, Montgomery Co., N. Y. He was an early graduate of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. Some years ago, he became entirely blind but through the senses of feeling, he kept up a lively interest in passing events to the end of his pilgrimage. His wife and daughter and his sister-in-law were able to communicate quite freely with him, as he felt their hands using signs and the manual alphabet. He was a sincere christian and always manifested a cheerful resignation to the will of his Heavenly Father. His example may well be followed by all who are striving for eternal life.

Mr. John D. Pickens, of West Virginia has been suffering from a wounded leg.

Fred. C. Rock, of Hartford, can throw a base ball 270 feet. Who can beat him?

Alden F. Osgood was in Boston lately. While there, he called on Mr. and Mrs. George Homer.

Many of Mr. Weeks' friends are glad that he received the gold-headed cane at the Worcester Levee.

Mr. John Walker, a former pupil of the Iowa Institution and now a farmer in Muscatine Co., Ia., was married to Mrs. Barker, a mute lady, who has been employed at the Iowa school.

Mr. Franklin Campbell met with an accident while at work in the Hudson River Railroad Grain Elevator. He fell from a ladder and dislocated his arm at the shoulder. He has completely recovered.

Mrs. Samuel Koe, of Northumberland, N. Y., died suddenly on the night of February 12th. Her remains were taken to her father-in-law's residence. The funeral took place on the 15th. She leaves a mourning husband and three small children.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Homer received a very pleasant call from Mr. R. D. Livingstone in Boston after he visited Miss Maudie A. Smith in Quincy, Mass. He took the express train for New York, where he expected to start for Colorado this week.

In the issue of your paper of the 3d inst., Charles F. Folsom, caught a glimpse of his name in the itemizer which said that N. E. L. would like to have her classmate Charles let her know his address. His address is C. F. Folsom, West Waterville, Kennebec Co., Me.

Miss Kate Swem, after enjoying a four days' visit with Pannie Smithson, returned home last week with the happy idea that her dignified manner had gained her a host of friends while participating in the entertainment on the night of the 19th ult. She has been teaching in the Louisiana Institution for two years, and is now detained at home owing to the small number of pupils, and will remain there until there are more.

On Sunday afternoon, the 20th inst., the Rev. Job Turner attended service in the Episcopal Church in Jacksonville, Florida, the architecture of which excited his admiration. He found the city full of invalids and pleasure seekers from all parts of the country, especially the North. The next morning he went to St. Augustine for one day to see the place which was first settled by the Spaniards in America several years before the settlement of Jamestown in 1607.

Albert D. Hogn, a Pennsylvania graduate, lives at Lambertville, N. J., also Miss M. F. Beaumont. Willie Paddock now at New York, together with a baker's son whose name I forgot also lives there. The place is only three miles from Brookville, and "Meg" often goes the first two. Albert works in the paper mill during the day, and in the evening assists his father who is corner, as copyist in his office, Miss Beaumont is keeping house for her brother-in-law who recently lost his wife.

Miss M. A. Marks, who has been sojourning in Ashland and Wayne County, reports her visit a very enjoyable one, and was surprised to meet her cousin who is a mute living in Ashland, Ohio. She says she did not know that she had deaf-mute relatives. She went with him to give Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bell a cordial call in Jeromeville, Ohio, a small village, where they enjoyed much in chatting. After having a good time she returned to Ashland, and took her departure for Lucas, O., where she will stay for a short time. She contemplates bidding Ohio adieu to go home and assume her duties. Her destination will be Fort Wayne, Ind.

Mr. A. V. Berquist, of Jamestown, N. Y., says: "I received a letter from Mr. Sven Malmer, of Farmersville, N. Y., yesterday morning. I was delighted to hear from him. He works for Mr. Wm. C. Hall. Mr. Malmer was a pupil of the New York Institution and of the Rochester Institution. Last month he left Rochester for Buffalo, where I formerly worked. He then went to Farmersville. I think he ought to take the Buffalo and Southwestern Railroad for Jamestown, but I do not know which he likes best—Farmersville or Jamestown. I hope he will stop in Jamestown and call on me. He said Mr. Wm. C. Hall lives in Franklinville about five miles from Farmersville.

An investigation into the management (or mismanagement) of the Indiana Institution by the legislature is threatened. It seems that the law having reference to the appointment of a superintendent has not been strictly carried out by the board of trustees. The law provides that such superintendent shall be skilled and qualified by education and practice to take charge of the Institution for which he is appointed. The qualifications for a superintendent of a Deaf and Dumb Institution should be a person who understands the deaf-mute language and who is experienced in the methods of deaf-mute education and of handling and managing that class of learners. Superintendent MacIntire was removed a year or so ago, and a person who had none of the essential qualifications mentioned above was chosen to succeed him. We suppose this fact is what prompts the investigation. It is amusing to see what a mess politics will raise when the principle of "to the victors belong the spoils" is put into practice in the management of educational and charitable institutions. Here, if anywhere civil service reform is needed.—*Index*.

A Pennsylvania Society.

DEAR SIR:—I have the pleasure to writing to you. The February Meeting of the Carbon County School Society was held on Saturday evening of two weeks ago in the room of the Literary Society in Lehigh Gap. I was present and occupied the chair, there were present Messrs. A. Pennington Carter, White Haven, William Snyder, Lehigh, Thomas Wentz, Milport, Henry Smith, Eugene Ash and John Fraze, of Carbon County, Pennsylvania, as visitors.

Yours truly,

ALVIN W. ANTHONY.

LEHIGH GAP, Feb. 26, 1881.

The Dumb Man Made to Speak.

ROCHESTER, Jan. 25.—It would seem that the age of miracles has not passed. On Thursday night, Mrs. Elias Jordan, living at Honesoy Falls, recovered her speech after having been unable to articulate a word for the past 8 years. It appears that Mrs. Jordan had faith to believe that she could be cured by divine power through prayer. Accordingly a meeting was called at her home. While the pastor of the Methodist Church was engaged in prayer, Mrs. Jordan suddenly shouted "Glory to God," and faintly. She has been able since then to converse freely.

Miss Mollie Sheridan, of the Illinois Institution, has been quite sick.

The new deaf-mute school recently organized at Sioux Falls, Dakota, has five pupils.

Mr. M. Bell, of Hackettstown, N. J., would like Thomas Hilary to send him his address.

Dr. Gallaudet will preach to the mutes of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., this evening, in Trinity Church.

Mrs. Donovan, of New York, has sailed for Charleston to visit her sister, whom she has not seen for 23 years.

Josef Paterson, of the Wisconsin Institution, died at 8 o'clock, Sunday morning, January 30th, of inflammatory rheumatism and rheumatic fever.

The father of Edward Ormsby, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., died suddenly two weeks ago. His remains were taken to Bradford, Vt., for interment.

Mr. E. A. Wellington, of Boston, writes that the statement, published in the *Lantern*, which said that Miss H. Robbins was engaged to marry him is false.

A marriage is on the tapis between E. Heller, of Reigelville, and Elizabeth Penrose, of Patterson, N. J., but "Meg" won't tell when the affair is coming off.

J. K. Brown, of Cleveland, O., writes: There lives in the Clermont county Infirmary a half educated mute girl and her child nearly a year old. Its father received a collegiate education, and now lives in Cleveland, O.

Messrs. Edward Duran and Henry Jellison were at the Howard Theatre in Boston, to attend Nick Robert's Humpty Dumpty pantomime. The signs by the actors were clearly intelligible. They enjoyed the show very much.

Mr. James C. Stubbs, of Philadelphia, is working steadily in a furniture factory, and earns good wages. He can finish a dozen pieces of furniture quicker than any of his fellow workmen. He is recognized as a good fellow in society.

George Salter, who has a deaf-mute brother, Willie, at Washington Heights, is going to move in the next house to "Meg," she is glad to have so near a neighbor who can easily talk with her, and of course she will see more of Willie during his vacation.

William Kinney, a graduate of the old 50th St. New York Institution has just returned home from a long visit to his friends in some place in Morris Co., N. J. He is a carpenter by trade, and is considered by those whom he has been working for as a first class one. He is 54 years old, and unmarried.

A deaf-mute, giving the name of Harry C. Manning, undoubtedly a false name, stopped at the hotel in Christina, Pa., a few weeks ago, and in the morning disappeared with one of the boarders overcoats without paying his bill. This is a disgrace and an insult to honest deaf-mutes who do no such things.

In a letter which we have received from the veteran of New Hampshire, Thomas Brown, he says: "I celebrated my 77th birthday on the 25th of February. I am creeping along to the allotted age of man. It is but sometimes that I write for papers, yet it pleases me to contribute to your progressive JOURNAL some interesting items, etc., occasionally."

I would be glad to hear from my school fellows abroad through your paper, George Comstock, Wm. Willard, E. Booth, Mrs. Lamb (formerly Maria Bailey) and others."

Mr. E. E. Miles and J. E. Doran, of Syracuse, N. Y., gave a hearty welcome to Mr. C. O. Upham, of Waterson, on his arrival in Syracuse from Boston, Mass., and conducted him to the elegant house where Mr. Doran boards. Mr. Doran said the first thing they should do, was to go up to his cosy little parlor and join in the enjoyment of a pleasant smoke near the comfortable fire-places, and have a pleasant chat. Mr. Upham related the experience and incidents of his trip to Boston, and gave Miles and Doran an inkling of his enjoyable visit to Boston. Mr. Miles said that it was real nice to enjoy the conveniences of hotel bachelors and regretted to see that Mr. Rumrill left the bachelors hall last Oct. to do something better; for Rumrill was his good chum in "Ante bellum" times. Mr. Doran said that the fairer sex ought to make a proposal of marriage, if the sterner sex could not have the manhood enough to do so themselves. While Mr. Upham suggested that the sterner sex ought to enjoy the prerogative unmolested, and that he would never expect to see the reappearance of another leap year. After three-fourths of an hour spent in the smoke, they went down to the larger parlor to have a talk with Miss Woodward, a semi-mute, who boards at the same house with Mr. Doran, and they chattered long enough. Those silent boarders spoke very favorably of Mrs. Dalton, who keeps the house, as being very attentive to their wants and very civil to them and for that reason they call her "Dear Annie." Mr. O. H. Cooper of Waterson, enjoyed the chat the night they were there. He said he came to Syracuse to enjoy the luxury of what he calls the "Turkish Bath," and that no one could understand its wonderful effects better than himself. Mr. Upham said that while in Boston, Mr. Krause, the splendid engraver, of the "Hull" showed him Dr. Lewis most elegant Turkish bath house and stayed in to see the process of shampooing. Mr. Upham luxuriated himself in the hot end of the room, and in about one hour he found that the thermometer was 180 degrees above zero. When he got through with the first rate shampooing, he plunged into the dungeon full of cold water and said he did not feel the sensations of freezing and that it was like swimming in a river in Summer, though the water was cold as ice. The next day, Messrs. Miles, Cooper, and Upham called on Mr. and Mrs. Rumrill and enjoyed the call for an hour. Mr. E. said he would bring them down in a buggy in a jiffy as it was much pleasanter than stepping sideways for the road was icy in some places. Wrapped closely up in their overcoats they bade good-bye to the "Jolie Femme de la maison" and tried to occupy the one seat until Miles and Cooper succeeded in occupying it while Rumrill sat up between them, holding the reins in his hands. There being no room left for Mr. Upham, he had to sit in the rear of the buggy. The buggy bore the heavy weight throughout and showed no signs of being broken down. Mr. Upham was clean chilled through, and had to jump out and walk the balance of the distance to warm himself up.

FUNERAL NOTICE.

BURIAL OF A DEAF-MUTE. CARRENDER.—Died, yesterday morning, February 24th, with dropsy from chronic rheumatic disease of the heart, Miss Tyrza Catherine Carrender, a deaf-mute, aged 62 years. For the past thirty years she has been an inmate of the family of Dr. Wm. Abram Love. She will be interred in Oakland Cemetery to-day, from the residence of Dr. Love, No. 38 North Forsyth street, this morning at ten o'clock.—*Daily Constitution*, Atlanta, Ga., Feb. 23.

Mr. I. N. Soper has been on a visit to his friends at his old home in Lowell, Mass. He attended the Worcester Levee and returned home on the 22nd of February.

They had a good time at Brookville on Washington's birthday. Miss Mary P. Beaumont, a mute lady, graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution, and Mrs. Gulick's most intimate friend was the guest. "Reminiscences of school-days" took up a good share of the time. (If the Editor wishes Meg will write him some). [Send them along—Ed.] A big dinner and dancing followed.

On Friday they were favored with a visit from Henry A. Heller, who with his brother, Edward, graduated from the New York Institution five or six years ago. They have another brother and a sister now at the same school. H. E. H. has become a real gentleman in these years and both he and Ed. are doing well. They subscribe for the JOURNAL.

A father brought his son here a few weeks ago, and when we found the son was a full grown man, the question was asked, "Why did you not bring him years ago?" and as the tears stole down his aged cheeks he replied, "We were too chicken hearted." Now they are sorry for the poor fellow, but their sorrow came too late, and the son must live on with scarcely knowledge enough to write his own name, and not enough to write the name of the county or town where he lives. If a deaf-mute is twenty years old before he is sent to school, his habits are so firmly fixed that we can do little for him. So let us impress it upon your minds, dear parents, that it is your duty to send your children here at ten years of age or as soon after as possible. In future issues we will say more on this subject.—*Suppl's. corner in the Hawkeye*.

A Tragic Death Scene.

UNEXPECTED DEMISE OF A PHILADELPHIA DEAF-MUTE.

Policeman Chauncey, of the Harlem police station, saw a man staggering along Third avenue on Friday, February 25th, as though greatly under the influence of liquor. When the officer accosted him, he proved to be a deaf-mute, evidently sick and in great pain. The officer took him to the 126th street police station, where he wrote his name as Henry Daly and his residence as Philadelphia. He was then taken to the Harlem Police Court, before Justice Otterbourg, who committed him to the care of Surgeon Steinert, who sent him to the Ninety-ninth Street Hospital. Shortly afterward a dispatch was received from Philadelphia, stating that a man answering Daly's description was missing from Philadelphia, and word was sent back that he had been found and was in custody. A brother of Daly appeared at the Harlem Police Court, Feb. 26th, and asked to have him discharged, in order to take him home. While the discharge was being made out a message arrived from the hospital saying that Daly was dead. The brother was overwhelmed with grief at the intelligence. He said that Daly had left his home in Philadelphia well and hearty to visit friends in New Jersey, and that his presence in Harlem and his illness were unaccountable.

LATER.

A post-mortem examination was made by Deputy Coroner Goldschmidt, on Sunday, February 27th, of the remains of Henry Daly, the deaf-mute, who was found sick at One Hundred and Fifty-sixth street and Third-avenue on Friday evening and died on Saturday at the Ninety-ninth Street Hospital. Death was discovered to have resulted from peritonitis, and there were no marks of violence or injury on the body. The remains were given in charge of his brother.

THE CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES.

The Eighth Anniversary of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes was held in St. Thomas' Church, on Sunday Feb. 27th, at 3.30 P.M. As the service was read by the Rev. Dr. Morgan and Rev. Mr. Mackay-Smith, it was interpreted in the sign language by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. Mr. Chamberlain for a large company of deaf-mutes who occupied seats near the Chancel. In announcing that the offerings of the congregation would be given to the support of the Mission to Deaf-Mutes, Dr. Morgan extended a cordial welcome to the Society and commended its work. The Rev. Mr. Mackay-Smith preached from Acts xx., 35—"Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'" The sermon was interpreted for the deaf-mutes.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet having explained and illustrated the difference between the sign-language and the manual alphabet, read the following statement:

The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes is an incorporated society. Its object is to promote the temporal and spiritual welfare of deaf-mute men and women after they leave school. It extends religious services among them. It cares for the sick and needy. It procures employment for many. It supports a home for the aged and infirm.

For the year ending October 27th, 1880, its receipts amounted to \$6,152.54. This was not quite enough to support its work.

The Ferguson Memorial Endowment Fund of \$1000 yielded \$50 for the support of the Home.

The building fund received a few donations and amounted to \$6,324.66. The society desires to increase this fund to \$50,000, and to purchase a home where it can place not only its Home for the Aged and Infirm, but also its industrial department, where needy and unfortunate deaf-mutes can find a refuge and employment. The Society seeks to supplement and make more general and effective

the special work of deaf-mutes which St. Ann's Church began in 1852. It falls to my lot to be both Rector of St. Ann's Church and General Manager of the Mission, and to have the Rev. John Chamberlain

Beverly Items.

At a special meeting of the trustees of the School, Mr. Harry White was appointed Clerk, or Secretary, of the Board, and teacher in the school. The resignation of Mr. Joseph Sanger, of Westboro, was read to the board and accepted. Hon. John J. Baker, of Beverly, a member of the State Legislature, who has ever shown a warm interest in the progress of the School, was appointed a member of the Trustees. Rev. Geo. J. Sawyer, of Danvers Centre, a personal friend of the Rev. Charles B. Rice, a member of the State Board of Education, was also appointed a Trustee, on the Rev. Mr. Rice's own recommendation. Mrs. Margaret H. Swett, wife of the Superintendent, was appointed Matron of the household, with Mr. Persis H. Bowden as assistant. It was voted to defer the publication of the report of the school for a little while. Resolutions congratulating the Superintendent, Mr. Swett, on the efficiency of his management for the past year were next passed. A vote of thanks was given to Messrs. Acheson and Hamilton for their faithfulness as agents.

In the evening, a grand reception was held in honor of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, at which were present many persons, both hearing and deaf-mutes, from Beverly, Salem, and other towns. Mrs. M. P. Atwood, wife of Prof. Atwood, sent a letter of congratulation to the Doctor. After a substantial, nay, elegant repast, the following address of welcome, prepared by Mr. Swett and delivered in person by Mr. White was read: "The whole company:

SEPT. SWETT'S ADDRESS.

"Ladies and Gentlemen: As a slight token of the regard which we all bear for Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, this reception and welcome is tendered to him. We but repay him for what he has done for our class. He devoted his best years to our spiritual welfare, doing his work with a quiet but persevering patience, which is deserving of better reward. It is particularly fitting that this reception should be tendered under this roof, for when the plan of starting a school first entered my mind, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet was the first person to whom I applied for advice, and greatly to my pleasure he entered warmly into the project, and has proved himself a faithful friend ever since, cheering us in the dark hour of discouragement and encouraging us in the dawning hour of success. We owe Rev. Dr. Gallaudet a debt of gratitude which we can never fully repay, but we earnestly hope that this reception, promoted as it was by the impulse of gratitude, will convey to him an idea, however slight, of the respect which we entertain for him."

After Mr. Swett's address, Mr. Wm. Bailey arose and delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY WILLIAM BAILEY.

"Dr. Gallaudet, our dear, good, friend: We have come together to congratulate you on your wonderful journey in and safe return from Europe, and to express our pleasure in our feeble way at seeing your countenance again."

Gen. Grant sought praise there, but you have not, you sought better how to supply the wants of your silent people in the way your father did, who went to France to learn the art of teaching the deaf and dumb. Who is a great man? None but he that does God's will in great in the sight of heaven. Not such as Caesar, Alexander nor Bonaparte.

Behold Napoleon, who shook Europe to its centre, at whose will empires rose and fell, in whose hands crowns were as toys. The limits of a rock in the midst of the ocean were the bounds which confined him at last. Alas! for earthly grandeur, thrones, palaces, and Empires. Where is the glory?

Not so it is with you. The work you achieve for us, as deaf-mutes, is noble and sublime, and it will never be wrecked; but will grow great and powerful after you are called away to a better world. You have always tried and will try to lead us out of this Egypt into a Heavenly Canaan.

A real christian can see from Mount Pisgah, with the eye of Faith, that Jesus' Kingdom will eventually comprise the whole of this world.

You have undergone the storms of false reports and attacks, which but make great men shine brighter and brighter. A great number of nines made to harm you, were blown up and brought forth only additional honor and greeting for you.

They that have made improvements, temporal and spiritual for us, still live; although dead in their influence, their works and their writings. The power of President Lincoln, after his life's journey, was greater than while he lived.

We desire you a greater and more useful success, after your return from Europe and we pray the Good Father above to spare you for many years yet to live among and benefit us. May God bless you in your works.

Stand, like an anvil, when the bar,
Lies, red and glowing, on its breast,
With duty for life's leading star,
And conscious innocents its rest.

Stand, like an anvil, when the strokes,
Of stalwart men fall fierce and fast,
For streams more deeply root the oaks,
Whose brazen arms embrace the blast.

Stand, like an anvil, when the sparks,
Fly, far and wide, a fiery shower.
Virtues and Truth must still be marked,
Where malice proves the want of power.

At the close of Mr. Bailey's address, a large picture, which until that moment, was so cleverly hidden from view so as to defy detection, was unveiled, revealing to the surprised

eyes of the guests the familiar face of Rev. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet. The doctor, who seemed entirely taken by surprise, was visibly affected. The unveiling of the picture was accompanied by an address from Mr. White, who began as follows: "Behold the familiar face of Rev. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet; need I tell you that this is the father of our honored guest of this evening? No, for the life and services of Rev. Thomas Gallaudet would proclaim him his father's son, if his name did not. Blood will tell, they say, and certainly Rev. Dr. Gallaudet has inherited in a large measure, that philanthropic spirit of his father which led him to sacrifice more glittering prospects for the spiritual and mental amelioration of our class."

What deaf-mute can gaze upon these kindly, expressive features, without feelings of the utmost gratitude? Upon those eyes beaming with the light of affection and those lips which seem to smile upon us this evening, as we are gathered to do honor to the son who has followed in his foot-steps, etc."

Miss Nellie Swett acted as interpreter for the benefit of the hearing people present.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet arose and responded briefly but happily to each of the addresses that had been made to him. He referred in terms of praise to the persevering patience of Mr. Swett in his efforts to establish this school. In referring to his noble father, he said he was an unworthy follower, indeed, if he did not follow the example and teaching of his father in the cause of the Deaf and Dumb.

Reply to "Defender."

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Here is a reply to our noble "Defender," from "Mr. Spy," in regard to Mr. J. D. Zeigler's election to the Local Committee. The writer wants "Defender" to perfectly understand that he holds no selfish motives or any ill-feeling towards Mr. Zeigler, but was informed through the personal motives of the mutes of Philadelphia that they were dissatisfied with his election. The writer never dreamed for a moment that his article would be so heavily assailed by "Defender," until "Spy," ever watchful, noticed his long tirade in last week's JOURNAL. Judging from the language used, "Mr. Spy" has come to the conclusion that "Defender" has taken a sudden spurt in the River of Journalism, where, if he does not prove to be a good navigator, he may become wrecked and sink into oblivion. But the writer has a heart full of sympathy for persons laboring under such mania, and therefore will have to excuse him.

I desire to reply to you, whoever you are, in regard to the Convention. While Mr. J. D. Zeigler was a member of the C. L. S., he offered a motion that the Convention be considered and put into execution, the plan being settled last April. Mr. M. C. Fortescue, the President, asked who would second his motion, but none, not even his best friends, had the manliness to do so. Why not? Because there would be a Convention in Cincinnati, O., and the members were sensible enough to put no obstacles in the way of the Cincinnati Convention. Therefore Mr. Zeigler's motion was defeated, (not coldly defeated).

"Defender," you said that two Pennsylvania students informed you that they were willing to take the responsibility of opening Mr. Zeigler's subject themselves, and they obtained an idea of the general convention from the latter. I might say that it is false, and will prove that two Pennsylvania students came here for the purpose of attending the general meeting on last December. One of them was asked by Mr. William Collingworth why the State Committee arranges the matter for the Convention. Whereupon the former replied that the students bothered him by inquiring of him why Philadelphia had never before had a Convention, and the Pennsylvania students decided to take the responsibility of arranging the matter themselves.

Why did he not tell Mr. C. about Mr. Zeigler's original idea. As regards his chairmanship, at the general meeting of the mutes, about seven prominent mutes were nominated for Chairman, but they all declined to accept it. After long consideration, the former was nominated by his best friend, and he of course accepted. If I am not mistaken, no one seconded him, but he was declared elected at once for want of time. I might add that he did his duty in a creditable way, but through the admirable tuition and teaching of his brother, a student of College fame.

Messrs. W. E. Guss and W. Collingworth intended to offer a motion to the members of the C. L. A. that the convention be considered on the first Thursday in September of last year, but was prevented by the discussion about beneficial societies for mutes. Therefore they decided to postpone the plan until January, 1881, but the next month the Pennsylvania students made a bold declaration to hold a convention themselves, without consulting and conferring with the Philadelphia mutes about the projected convention. I never heard or read of Mr. Zeigler's showing any great amount of energy in regard to the convention in public, and if he did exert himself it must have always been on the sly. In conclusion, "Defender," I will say that I have plenty of sound facts to work upon, but I will not trespass upon our valuable friend, the JOURNAL. I hope you will explode some more of your rhetoric through the JOURNAL, and if you ever reply to me again in behalf of your friend, unless your article

don't agree with me, I will reply to you with the names of some prominent members of the C. L. A. in public; for they have given me their consent to do so. I must say that you acted the coward by not signing your real name and trying to cover up your work by assuming a *nom de plume*, as you will see I will call the man and sign my real full name so as you will not be laboring under a mistake. Hereafter I will not use "Mr. Spy."

Respectfully yours,
"Mr. Spy" alias THOMAS BREEN.
2-27-'81.

Miss Fuller's reply to Rev. F. H. Potts.

(From the Advance.)

Since writing the Gab Gab Letter No. 3, The Advance of Jan. 23d has arrived, and Rev. Mr. Potts' letter has been pursued. I am glad he finds time to read our deaf-mute papers, and hope he will throw me a light through their columns whenever he thinks I am particularly in the dark upon any subject. Yet despite the effort at enlightening which he has lately made, I do not see any reason to retract anything I said in my letter No. 2.

Mr. Potts is far too comprehensive in his figuring when he says "Ninety per cent of the Christian world do still believe that the gowns are judicious." The only way he can prove his statement correct, is to prove that all Christian people, except the one-tenth whom he omits from his count, hold a faith similar to his own; and that he never can do, never. Because people are silent on any subject is no sign they do not give it any thought; so, because no one has openly criticized the "gowns" is no sure proof that no one has heretofore thought them unnecessary appendages to decent worship.

Let Mr. Potts attend a deaf-mute service held by a *robbed minister*; or let him try to preach a sign sermon with his own gown on, and in either case, if the flapping of the sleeves, and general inconvenience of the consecrated garment does not cause him to wish it was off before the service is ended, he is not now as practically wise as he might be, nor as he probably will be in future years, for I know he is a man of thought, and a busy worker who will accomplish much good when he plans his work not by the line and plummet of what saith the church, but "what saith the Lord." In conclusion, I insist I have made no attempt to attack the rites and forms of the church as a whole; I have merely endeavored to plead against what I regard as a superfluity when it is applied to my people, the deaf and dumb; and whatever criticisms Mr. Potts, or others may make I hold to my previously expressed opinions, however tenaciously they cling to the old covenant of the law, however loudly they declare its apertures of rites and ceremonies are good, and are to be retained, I think the new covenant of the Gospel, and its plain teachings of a changed heart, and the robe of Christ's righteousness which priest and people alike may possess and wear, is better, and for the judicious dissemination of the glorious Gospel among my afflicted people, who are prone to rest content with objective surface workings, and to overlook or undervalue the subjective needs of the spirit, I shall ever earnestly plead and pray.

ANGIE FULLER.
SAVANNAH, ILL., Jan. 24, 1881.

Rev. Mr. Potts replies to the above as follows:—

"More Light."

Accepting Miss Fuller's invitation "to throw her a light" whenever I think "she is particularly in the dark upon any subject," I will now present a few additional facts with regard to "gowns" and those who use them.

As I never knowingly assert what I cannot prove, and as I am at all times prepared to produce the authorities upon which my utterances are based, I call the attention of your readers to a few facts, bearing me out in my assertion that "nine-tenths of the Christian world do still regard gowns as judicious."

It is however a great mistake to suppose that the Episcopalians (so-called) are the only Christians who use the gown; nor did I assert that, but only that gowns are in use among nine-tenths of all the Christians in the world; in which of course are included the Lutherans and Dutch reformed Christians, whose clergy, though not Episcopalians, yet wear robes. Nevertheless it is a fact that we do constitute almost nine-tenths of all Christendom. The numbers given in the two quotations below are different, because the estimates were made at different times; yet I am persuaded they can be relied upon. If one can disprove them, let him do so.

"Malte-Brun in his *Geography* Vol. 1, page 273, has the following estimate of the Christian population of the world; 'the church of Rome, 116 millions; the Greek Church, 70 millions; the Protestant Churches, 42 millions—total, 228 millions.' Now out of 42 millions of Protestants, we may safely set down one-half as belonging to those branches of the Church—such as the Church of England and its colonies, Denmark and this country and among the Moravians—which acknowledge Episcopal government. This leaves therefore 21 millions of dissenters out of 228 millions; less than one tenth."—*Kip's Double Witness Of The Church*, page 90.

"There are now about 260 millions of Christians in the world, and 230 millions of them abide by the theory that episcopal ordination was a necessary part of church government." Blunt's *Household Theology*, page 209. Now add to the above 230 millions the Lutherans, numbering 11 millions, and we have the nine-tenths claimed and a few millions to spare!

The works I have just quoted are especially adapted to the needs of all such persons as are conscious that their knowledge of the Church is derived from hearsay, but are willing to learn the truth, as were the Bereans of old, who "searched the scriptures daily whether these things were so."

Not only have I had time to read deaf-mute papers, but I noticed no inconvenience, nor did I ever before hear any one complain of the surplusage as an impediment.

So difficult is it for those who have been educated to look upon every thing that concerns the church with disfavor, it is not at all surprising, that while disclaiming, in this and her previous article, "any attempt to attack the rites and forms of the church as a whole," Miss Fuller in the very same paragraph insinuates that I "plan my work by the line and plummet of what saith the church and not by what saith the Lord;"—as if forsooth the church which is the "body of Christ" could be opposed to its divine "head;" or I could be wrong in following the example of St. Paul who said, "I speak concerning Christ and the church."

Moreover, as another evidence of her "mild differing" and of the charity that thinketh no evil, Miss F. intimates that we "cling tenaciously to the old covenant of the law," and are prone "to overlook or undervalue the subjective needs of the spirit;" while she clings to "the new covenant of the gospel and its plain teachings of a changed heart." Will Miss F. please read I Cor. 4:4—"For I know nothing by myself; yet am I not here by justified: but he that judgeth me is the Lord;" and then perhaps she will see how little she or any one else is justified in calling in question the sincerity of myriads of Christians simply because they do value the outward observances of religion.

But all this aside from the point at issue, I noticed Miss F.'s article only because of the ungracious way in which she spoke of the clergy in their robes; comparing them to "scarecrows in a cornfield." Yet in all this Miss F. "sees nothing to retract;" so I suppose it is useless to pursue the subject further. REV. F. H. POTTS, MATTOON, ILL., Feb. 8, 1881.

44th Street Institution.

Washington's Birthday occurring as it did on the third day of the week gave us a vacation of four days. Most of the pupils left the Institution to enjoy their vacation elsewhere. When school opened on Wednesday, nearly all had returned looking hale and hearty, with renewed vigor to grapple with their studies.

Last Monday, the Students Literary Union, on account of the absence of the majority of the members, held no meeting. At the last meeting the debate was: "Which is preferable for matrimony for a deaf man, a deaf or hearing lady?" was contested. Of all the debates given by the Union during the school term, none was more interesting than the above. Every one paid strict attention from beginning to end. The debate lasted over an hour and a quarter, and when the matter was put to vote it was decided in favor of the hearing ladies by a large majority.

There will be no more debates or lectures until a very unpleasant difficulty, which has arisen in the society, is settled, and we hope that will be soon.

Those outside of our Institution, who intend visiting the S. L. U. during the trial of its President, will please bear in mind that no outsiders will be admitted except by ticket, and the number of tickets are limited. In some of the classes prizes are given out to the pupil who has the highest number of marks in scholarship and good behavior. In the third class the prize for last month was a handsome silver medal. On one side of which is

REWARD OF MERIT
in Roman capitals, and on the other is engraved

HENRY WHELAN
FEB. 11, 1881.

The medal is of solid silver, and cost not a little.

The teacher of the First Class having left to accept a position in Maryland, a new one was enrolled in her place. She was at one time a teacher in the Clarke Institution, at Northampton, Mass.

We are sorry that the account about the doings of Alexander Meisel had not been given in the JOURNAL before, for if it had, he would have been behind the bars by this time. He came to this Institution a week ago last Friday, to see one of our pupils from Chicago. We were all unconscious that he was wanted for committing crimes, until Prof. Greenberger received a letter from Chicago about him, and a few days afterwards an account of his doings appeared in the *Itemizer* of the JOURNAL. If Editor Read had continued to send his paper to this Institution we might have been the means of putting Meisel in the hands of the police.

Will Mr. Read please send the *Advance* here again.

ARCHIMEDES.

2-28-'81.

Honor to Whom Honor is Due.

MARYLAND SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB, FARMERSBURG, MD., Feb. 27, 1880.

MR. HODGSON:—In your issue of the 17th, appeared an item copied from a Baltimore paper in regard to two recent graduates of this school lately admitted to the college. As the statement is incorrect in some important points, will you be kind enough to make it right? If the name of Mr. Veditz is substituted for that of Mr. Trundle it will be substantially correct. Mr. Trundle certainly does not wish to appropriate to himself the credit which justly belongs to Mr. Veditz.

Honor to whom honor is due.

Respectfully,
CHAS. W. ELY,
Principal.

Semi-Mute Printers.

A deaf-mute paper, if the type is set by mutes, needs a proof reader with, not only a sharp eye, but also, a discriminating intellect. He must be able to detect verbal and grammatical absurdities and incongruities, and, instead of letting such pass as the fault of the writer, he should critically examine the copy. Recently a communication appeared in a mute paper, having reference to the disposal of something by sale, and a part of the wording was "to close a sale." The type was probably set by a semi-mute who did not know that the word *close* has a half-dozen meanings. He doubtless pondered over it for a moment and, knowing that *close* and *clothes* are of similar pronunciation, concluded that the writer had made a mistake, and so, to set the matter right, the semi-mute committed a greater blunder than in his view had been made by the writer, and actually set the type so as to read, "clothe a sale." The proof reader did not understand better than his type or was sadly obfuscated.

To *clothe a sale* is correct in one sense but was wrong in the sense used. As already intimated the word has several meanings. For instance:

1. As a transitive verb: to close a door, an eye, etc.
2. As an intransitive verb: the ranks close up.
3. As an adjective: a close room, a close mouth, close quarters, etc.
4. As an adverb: to follow closely, to look closely, to search closely, to study closely, to investigate closely, etc.
5. *Close by, close on, close under*,—(what grammar is that?)
6. Again as a transitive verb we say, to close a session, a school, a sale, an investigation, a subject or discussion.
7. As a noun we have the English *close*, not used in America. Also we have *closefence*, of a room, or in the sense discomfort for lack of fresh air, etc.

These various meanings of a single word in daily use indicate the need of full explanation, going to the very bottom after the first two or three years of a pupil's stay in school, and when, supposing such a pupil has mastered the first simple rules of grammatical construction of language, he is prepared to explore its more hidden depths.—E. B. in the *Deaf-mute Hawkeye*.

What Mothers should Teach Daughters at Present.

From an Exchange.

- Teach them self-reliance.
- Teach them to make bread.
- Teach them to make shirts.
- Teach them to foot up store bills.
- Teach them not to wear false hair.
- Teach them to wear thick, warm shoes.
- Bring them up in the way they should go.
- Teach them how to wash and iron clothes.
- Teach them how to make their own dresses.
- Teach them that a dollar is only a hundred cents.
- Teach them to cook a good meal of victuals.
- Teach them how to darn stockings and sew on buttons.
- Teach them every day dry, hard, practical common sense.
- Teach them to say No, and mean it; or Yes, and stick to it.
- Teach them to wear calico dresses, and do it like queens.
- Give them a good, substantial, common school education.
- Teach them to regard the morals and not the money of the beau.
- Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, the dining room and the parlor.
- Teach them that the more one lives within his income the more he will save.
- Teach them to have nothing to do with intemperate and dissolute young men.
- Teach them that the further one lives beyond his income the nearer he gets to the poorhouse.
- Rely on it that your teaching depends in a great measure on the zeal or woe of their after life.
- Teach them that a good, steady mechanic, is worth a dozen loafers in broad-cloth.
- Teach them the accomplishments—music, painting, drawing—if you have time and money to do it with.
- Teach them that God made them in His own image, and no amount of tight lacing will improve the model.

Cure For Sleeplessness.

Wet a towel, apply it to the back of the neck, pressing it upward toward the base of the brain, and fasten the dry half of the towel over so as to prevent the too rapid exhalation. The effect is prompt and charming, cooling the brain and inducing calmer, sweeter sleep than any narcotic. Warm water may be used, though most persons will prefer it cold. To those suffering from over-excitement of the brain, whether the result of brain-work or pressing anxiety, this simple remedy is an especial boon.

Rev. Job Turner's Appointments.

The Rev. Job Turner, a deaf-mute minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, under the auspices of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, will (D. V.) visit the following places to hold Divine Service for Deaf-Mutes and those interested in their welfare:

Mobile, Ala.,	March	2d.
New Orleans, La.,	"	6th.
Morgan City, La.,	"	13th.
Galveston, Texas,	"	20th.
San Antonio, Texas,	"	23d.
Austin, Texas,	"	27th.
Little Rock, Ark.,	"	30th.
Memphis, Tenn.,	April	3d.
Oxford, Miss.,	"	10th.
Kosciusko, Miss.,	"	13th.
Jackson, Miss.,	"	15th.
Vicksburg, Miss.,	"	17th.
Baton Rouge, La.,	"	20th.
Livingston, Ala.,	"	24th.
Talladega, Ala.,	"	27th.
Cave Spring, Ga.,	"	29th.
Knoxville, Tenn.,	May	1st.
Chattanooga, Tenn.,	"	4th.
Danville, Ky.,	"	6th.
Lexington, Ky.,	"	8th.
Louisville, Ky.,	"	15th.
Hopkinsville, Ky.,	"	18th.
Nashville, Tenn.,	"	22d.
Jackson, Tenn.,	"	25th.
Maysville, Ky.,	June	5th.
Parkersburg, W. Va.,	"	8th.
Clarksburg, W. Va.,	"	9th.
Wheeling, W. Va.,	"	12th.
Charlestown, W. Va.,	"	15th.
Staunton, W. Va.,	"	16th.

The services will be conducted with the assistance of the Rectors, who will use the Church Service in the spoken, while the same is rendering in the sign-language. The sermon will be read by the Rector to the speaking and hearing, at the same time it will be delivered in the sign-language for the benefit of the deaf-mutes attending.

The service, while it does not materially interfere with the ordinary services held in the Church, may be of interest to those who are not familiar with the deaf-mute language; and it is hoped that good may result.

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